

the Philadelphia Hospital, and Miss S. C. Hearle, directress for nurses in the Jefferson Medical College Hospital, for data regarding the preparation of surgical supplies. He has profited largely by the experience and practical suggestions of Miss Margaret Russell, for seven years chief nurse of the Jefferson Maternity."

Here are six women willing, for anything we know to the contrary, to let their efforts go to supplement and enrich the work of one man. Surely by the expenditure of thought and study on their own behalf they could give us something entirely their own. We need more books for nurses written by nurses. We want very much to see conditions reversed—the graceful acknowledgment of nurses to their teachers and superiors occupying the preface page of a book on special nursing. But in the meantime we are not ungrateful for what we have because we ask for more. Many nurses, both pupils and those in practice, will find in Dr. Davis's latest edition of his book what they have sought in vain for elsewhere, and it is likely to prove to many a perplexed nurse a help in time of need.

GYNAECOLOGICAL NURSING. By Miss Netta Stewart, sister in the Extra-Mural Gynaecological Wards of the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh. William Wood & Company, New York.

It is with much pleasure that we welcome the American edition of Miss Stewart's book, which was reviewed in these pages at the time of its earlier English edition. May it prove to be an inspiration to some American "sister" in no way behind Miss Stewart either in experience or knowledge of her subject to give us a like book.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE. By Helen Keller. With Her Letters (1887-1901) and a Supplementary Account of her Education, Including Passages from Reports and Letters of Her Teacher, Anne Mansfield Sullivan. By John Albert Macy. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

A most astounding chronicle of triumphant and victorious patience is this story of Miss Keller's life, mostly from her own pen, although supplemented by notes from her teacher and some editorial and explanatory passages from Mr. Macy. One can't help hoping that the title is an error, that Miss Keller's life is yet before her, and that she may find that the time she has lived was not her life at all, only the preparation for life—her very difficult, complex school time. Miss Keller's sweet patience under her affliction, especially when that dreadful affliction which hid the whole world from her, but was not able to hide her from the world, brought to her, a tiny child, the cruel and unjustly suspicious

accusation of those she had learned to love, would be indeed incredible had she not been prepared earlier still by fierce battle with her baby passions to rule her own spirit. A great factor in the marvel of Helen Keller is her teacher, who seems to have recognized very early the greatness of her own vocation, as she writes to her friend, Mrs. Hopkins, at the end of her third month: "Right here I want to say something which is for your ear alone. Something within me tells me that I shall succeed beyond my wildest dreams. Were it not for some circumstances that make such an idea highly improbable, even absurd, I should think Helen's education would surpass, in interest and wonder, Dr. Howe's achievement (Laura Bridgeman). I know that she has remarkable powers, and I believe that I shall be able to develop and mould them. I cannot tell how I know these things. I had no idea a short time ago how to go to work; I was feeling about in the dark; but somehow I know now, and I know that I know. I cannot explain it; but when difficulties arise I am not perplexed or doubtful. I know how to meet them."

The book itself is justification of Miss Sullivan's faith. Written at the age of twenty-one years, it would have been a creditable achievement to any girl of the same age. The style is very good—the moderation wonderful, considering the personality of the writer, who, grown up, is still something of the child who at eight years of age had planned a trip to Africa, intending to bring back "a baby lion, a white monkey, and a *mild* bear." Later her spirit of adventure made her find pleasure in going out alone in her rowboat, "steering by the scent of the lilies and water grasses." Like many blind people, she continually spoke of "seeing" things. She makes us realize that "the mind has a thousand eyes." That she has seen much—very much—that escapes the vision of those who are quite perfect as to their eyes but lacking in some of the finer qualities of heart and mind is very evident. She, more than any young writer of whom I know, is fitted to teach others how to see.

The world-wide sympathy that came to her, the men of great affairs who still had time to write kindly encouragement, the interest she aroused for children in like affliction to her own, but less kindly provided for, make one glow with satisfaction and desire to do one's part in the world. Taken altogether, I cannot name a book more likely to carry the mind of the reader far beyond reach of the sordid problems of the day, and one wonders if Miss Keller knows how great a gift she has given in her story. One hopes she does.

